THE New Republic

How the Phoenix Press Helped Barry Goldwater

Pages 6-7

DEC 2 1958

Kilroy's Carnival

A Poetic Prologue for Television

By DELMORE SCHWARTZ

Leaders Who Follow

By LOUIS J. HALLE

On the Road with John Kasper

By WILMA DYKEMAN and JAMES STOKELY

DECEMBER 1, 1958

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Washington Wire

Something but the Truth

THE NATION wants to back Eisenhower. It yearns to. In the new crisis over Berlin the cry is, "Be calm and firm and support the White House!" Fine.

Meanwhile the White House moves to cut 70,000 from the armed forces and the Pentagon orders an economy slowdown in the intermediate-range ballistic missile program. The cuts are just a start —"we must balance the budget." The nation shudders. Maybe the cuts are justified. Can we trust the Administration?

Well, when Eisenhower took office he promptly cut Truman's inadequate budget of $1.6 billion for research and development to $1.3 billion; then in June ordered a further 25 percent slash. Humphrey, Wilson & Dodge, the insular innocents, were at work.

On Eisenhower's desk, January, 1953, were hold-over reports showing the impending loss of America's defense lead and the ghoulish danger of the new H-bomb. They led to a bold White House proposal. Why shouldn't the President frankly tell the nation the concealed story; urge it to tighten its belt, unite behind his leadership? Again—fine! Robert Donovan in his official book *Eisenhower: The Inside Story* tells how the secret project was born and nicknamed "Operation Candor." But the President never made the speech. The idea whimpered out. The President did not wish to dwell on "the single, gruesome theme of human destruction." Donovan tells how Operation Candor was supplanted after months of vacillation by another one, this one called oddly "Operation Wheaties."

Robert Cutler, secretary of the Security Council, later said of Operation Candor, "the thesis was that the American public could take bad news; officially apprised of the facts. . . . But other and, I think, wiser counsels prevailed." So Sputnik told the bad news after all. Even then the Administration (with the notable exception of Nixon) tried to minimize it.

Eisenhower's former top economist, Arthur F. Burns, in a poorly reported speech in Washington last week, said the Administration had bungled the job of meeting the 1957-1958 recession. It is exactly the point made by the liberal Democrats. Burns did not say it straight out to the Joint Conference on Economic Education but it was there, between the lines. Burns, you remember, advocated a tax cut — the remedy Eisenhower and Nixon denounced as "radical" and "socialistic" in the election just finished. Burns politely noted that instead of a tax cut the government launched random spending projects, the sum total of which "came to a much larger total than had been planned or advocated." Most of these projects were too late to affect the recession; ironically he said they are just now coming into force, when the crisis is over and all the government's endeavor is to cut down spending! "This is precisely the condition that responsible advocates of a general tax cut sought to prevent," says Burns drily.

What licked the recession? As much as anything a group of "built-in stabilizers," says Burns; these kept national income high when employment and profits slumped; one example: unemployment insurance, which gave workers a buffer in their spending. What should be done now? Burns advocates, among other things something from which Eisenhower and Anderson recoil: blanket unemployment insurance extended to workers on a much more generous scale. At the moment he calls this "the most useful step."

Bill White's Burden

AGREEABLE, Lyndon Johnson-loving William S. White, who tries to be fair-minded about civil rights in spite of his Texas upbringing, fears the forthcoming Senate fight to end the filibuster will split the Democratic Party. White is a sincere Democrat and he hates the thought. Paul Douglas and Hubert Humphrey, it appears, are "advanced liberals" (presumably Lyndon Johnson is just a "liberal") and they are demanding an alteration in Senate cloture rule says columnist White "so extreme that its adoption would end the Senate as a unique deliberative body." Can you guess what their proposal is? Why, to let *majority* rule prevail in ending debates!

In his remarkable frank and honest discussion White really gets to the heart, we think, of the pro-filibuster argument. Boiled down it is in his words that "the Senate is fundamentally a non-majority institution." He doesn't say so but what he means is that it is our House of Lords.

End the right of filibuster, White says, and you "would make the Senate only a somewhat slower House of Representatives." We think White has cut through a lot of twaddle and candidly put his finger on the real issue. He has done a service thereby. Our own response is easy enough. We don't like a House of Lords in this country. Even in Britain they have curbed the Lords' veto power. It has become a picturesque but impotent anachronism. The fight to preserve the Senate as an American House of Lords is going to be fierce. There is a better chance of a reform bill passing next year than at any previous time in history. If majority rule splits the Democratic Party, well—too bad.

Notes

IT ISN'T generally realized that besides the 19 states which have accepted a right-to-work law three states, New Hampshire, Delaware and Louisiana, have repealed it; only one industrial state, Indiana, now has the provision and the fight to repeal has begun. . . . A UPI Moscow dispatch says ex-premier Bulganin is seriously ill in Moscow but that the "nature of his illness" was not disclosed; we suspect the affliction is located between the shoulders with the marks of a sharp instrument. . . . The almost universal current assumption here that some kind of an entente will continue between Eisenhower and a Democratic Congress seems to rest wholly on the expectation that Ike won't do what he says he will do: make war on the "spenders."

T.R.B.

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Correspondence

► *Miss Halsey's Quarrel with Nixon*

SIRS:

ACCORDING to Margaret Halsey (*NR*, November 10), Richard M. Nixon —a man nakedly driving for power (presumably the power drives of Messrs. Rockefeller, Stevenson, Brown, Kennedy *et al.* are more decently clothed)—sup-

(Continued on page 23)

Withdrawal from Berlin

ON NOVEMBER 10, Mr. Khrushchev warned that the price for free access to Berlin was going up: the West would be compelled to recognize the sovereignty of the East German regime. Two weeks of uncertainty have gone by, uncertainty not only over how the Russians would force us to pay the higher price. It has been uncertain how the West would respond.

At once, the Western powers—or as many as were prepared to do so—should have carried the controversy into the enemy camp. The President should have led a diplomatic counter-offensive, affirming and repeating that the Russians have not withdrawn from East Germany, and that the claim of their East German puppets to independent authority is nonsense. The Soviets maintain 22 divisions in East Germany today, plus four more in Poland, plus an unknown number in Hungary. At least some of these are equipped with tactical atomic weapons which the Soviets paraded before the world in Red Square on November 17, 1957. They are said, however, to have established intermediate ballistics missile sites in East Germany. It is fantastic to think of the Pankow regime as representing anything but the power of the Kremlin.

We pointed out last week that the Berlin crisis has been provoked by Khrushchev at a place of his own choosing, and that he is now "trying to exploit the universal fear of war in order to gain a diplomatic advantage." That advantage is consolidation of Communist power in East Germany. It is bluff and we must call it, not merely for the sake of the Berliners, but as much for the sake of East Germans who remain, involuntarily but not necessarily permanently, under Russian rule. We realize that to call the Soviet bluff is to risk war. But, as at the time of the Berlin airlift, that risk should be taken.

This is an opportunity for Western leadership to recall world attention to the real issue: the future of Germany. And the real solution is a united Germany in which free elections are guaranteed. If the Russians speak of withdrawal, it is *our* opportunity to advocate genuine withdrawal, which means acceptance by the four conquering powers of the unconditional right of all Germans to unite under leaders of their own choosing. In this situation, politically at least, the West could lead from strength, knowing—as do the Germans and the Russians—that free elections would mean the termination of Communist rule in every part of Germany.

As for the immediate threat to our right to enter and leave Berlin via the *Autobahns* (unless we accept the sovereignty of the Pankow regime), Washington's answer should be unambiguous. We should not accept the pretense that the Pankow regime is independent; we should not accept the pretense that the East German regime speaks for the people of East Germany. And if force is used by Moscow's agents to halt Berlin-bound US vehicles, our forces should shoot back.

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Investigating the FCC

ONE OF THE first decisions which will face Sam Rayburn and his new House Democratic majority is what to do with the 18-month-old Harris Subcommittee investigation of regulatory agencies. The Subcommittee has run through its first $300,000 and is scheduled to expire at the end of January. At times, as William Costello observed last week, the Subcommittee has "made a considerable spectacle of itself cavorting in the headlines with random cases of official misconduct." But the headlines have at least served to publicize the character of persons being appointed to various agencies and their questionable activities while in office. And it might even be argued that the current FCC investigations were a necessary prelude to a comprehensive study for which the public has now been prepared and which is clearly now in order.

In our view Mr. Costello has demonstrated that a revitalized Harris Subcommittee should henceforth concentrate on how and why the FCC has given up so much of its responsibility for the policing of public service programming in radio and TV. The Subcommittee's first counsel, Bernard Schwartz, had plans for such an investigation; his successor, Robert Lishman, is also aware of programming deficiencies. However, the Subcommittee has only touched on this aspect of the problem, while pursuing the more dramatic but less significant indiscretions of such men as Richard A. Mack, the recently indicted former FCC commissioner, Sherman Adams and Bernard Goldfine, and now FCC ex-chairman George C. McConnaughey. It is time for the House to extend the life of the Harris Subcommittee and for the Subcommittee to move on to more substantial questions.

FCC laxity is a result of the Commission's acceptance of a broadcaster-promoted theory that the FCC should not meddle in programming unless commercial irresponsibility or threats to national security are involved. This theory is contrary to the Federal Communication Act and the idea that the "public interest, convenience and necessity" call for a close scrutiny of the performance of broadcasters before licenses are renewed. The broadcasters argue that the renewal of licenses can easily become a weapon of censorship.

There is always a danger of a direct or indirect censorship over radio and television programs. (What of the "censorship" by advertisers of program content?) And we grant also that those who obtain TV or radio licenses should not be made to feel that their franchises may be taken from them arbitrarily or for frivolous reasons. We must certainly avoid a situation in which broadcasters fear scheduling shows that might offend the political forces controlling the FCC.

But the choice need not be between one extreme or another: There is a middle way permitting the enforcement of public interest programming and at the same time avoiding federal dictation. Penalties, short of lifting licenses, could be imposed for failure to comply with FCC programming requirements. Direct fines might be imposed, or perhaps, instead, advertising on a program might be prohibited for a stated period of time—two weeks, three weeks, or more. This is one way to strike at the pocketbook of the broadcaster for failing adequately to serve the public interest. There are, no doubt, other policing techniques which could and should be explored. An effective investigation would require a new appropriation of at least $500,000 so that an enlarged Subcommittee staff could conduct a sustained FCC investigation, while at the same time performing necessary lesser duties in overseeing other errant agencies.

Word from the Boss

AFTER READING our analysis (Nov. 17) of the Pennsylvania election returns—in which we said that the poor Democratic showing in the state was attributable in part to the Big-City-Machine look of the ticket, and to the fact that Democratic Senatorial nominee George Leader had "played ball with Philadelphia boss William Green, who is under indictment for bribery"—Congressman Green telephoned, loud and clear, to set us straight. He wishes it known that: His name is William *J.* Green, *Jr.* He delivered a very large Democratic vote in Philadelphia. He had some responsibility for the selection and election of Philadelphia Congressman Herman Toll (whom we had described as "a protégé and ally of Sen. Joseph Clark and Philadelphia Mayor Richardson Dillworth"). He was shown a copy of Congressman Toll's letter to *The New Republic* (printed in this issue) before the letter was mailed. And, he is not under federal indictment for bribery; he is under federal indictment for conspiracy.

"Compromise" on Cloture

AS TRB notes in his wire this week, Southern Senators will probably offer to "compromise" on the Senate rules by accepting a rule permitting cloture by two-thirds of those present and voting. The "compromise" play will be quarter-backed by Lyndon Johnson and will appeal to many people who will see in it a moderate position half way between the one extreme of requiring the vote of two-thirds of the entire membership to impose cloture (the present rule) and the other extreme of permitting cloture by a vote of a simple majority of the Senate (the proposal of Paul Douglas). But cloture by two-thirds of those present and voting is no compromise at all. It is a disguised "heads I win, tails you lose" sort of rule, providing iron-clad protection for filibusters on civil rights. Southern feeling against these matters is so intense

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that no Southern Senator who can walk or be carried will be absent from the floor during a close vote on a motion to end discussion of a civil rights bill. The Southerners can, therefore, always muster at least 20 votes from their own camp, and they can count on adding at least 13 more from among conservative Northern and Western Senators. These 33 votes are more than a third of the entire Senate membership: the certainty that they can be produced means that cloture cannot be applied to a civil rights filibuster *under any kind of two-thirds rule*, whether it requires two-thirds of the entire Senate or only two-thirds of those present and voting.

The present rule does have the slight virtue of treating all filibusters equally by barring cloture on any, and it is so patently outrageous in its terms that it constitutes a standing invitation to reform. If the Senate will not accept cloture by a majority of the members, the better course would be to keep the present rule and reject the Southern "compromise," which has the two defects of protecting civil rights filibusters as fully as they are protected now, and of reducing the pressure for meaningful reform.

Arab Refugees

THE UN General Assembly's discussion this year of the Relief and Works Agency for Palestine (UNRWA) has produced two developments which could push the Arab refugee problem off dead center. The first has been a strong US plea that in view of the 1960 expiration date of UNRWA's mandate, studies be authorized now to get away from the "dole" approach and toward self-support projects and the integration of refugees in the Arab host countries. This was followed by Israel's new offer to compensate the refugees in advance of a general peace settlement. Although the offer is conditional on (1) actual integration of the refugees, and (2) the US standing by a 1955 pledge to help finance such a settlement, diplomats consider it a helpful gesture.

The Arabs have unfortunately insisted that no study is needed, that it must be "repatriation, and nothing but repatriation." And so, despairing of Arab cooperation, our delegation has dumped the problem in Secretary-General Hammarskjold's lap.

Meanwhile, there are reports of continuing contacts between Israel and leaders of the refugees. It is noteworthy that Jordanian newspapers displayed the Israeli compensation offer prominently, and one of them even cautioned Arab politicians against sacrificing the immediate, attainable interests of the refugees to any long-range, political goals. In addition to being host to more than half the nearly million refugees, Jordan also contains most of those who were well-off in old Palestine and would, therefore, benefit most from any integration-compensation agreement.

Bargaining Power in Sudan

FROM EARLY evidence it appears that General Abboud's takeover in the Sudan was designed to forestall a pro-Nasser *coup* which may have been brewing and which, in Abboud's view, the politicians whom he has displaced would have been unable to prevent. The *coup* came after a period of weeks during which evidence mounted that all was not well in the Sudan. The coalition cabinet was showing signs of floundering in partisan politics. A cabinet minister of the minority People's Democratic Party, the President of the Sudanese Senate (of the same party), as well as the former Premier and leader of the opposition, Ismail al-Azhari, all were meeting in Cairo with Nasser—reportedly against the wishes of ex-Premier Khalil. Mr. Nasser's visitors made statements in the Egyptian capital indicating that the question of the distribution of Nile waters—the principal item of controversy between the Sudan and the United Arab Republic—was the main subject of their talks.

At the same time, Khalil was paying a visit to Ethiopia, and presumably getting the Ethiopian viewpoint on the Nile; since the Blue Nile comes from the Ethiopian highlands, the Ethiopians are determined to have a voice in any talks on the river and to have Egypt recognize their right to increased diversions. Khalil may have been paving the way for an Ethiopian-Sudanese hypropolitical *entente* against Egypt.

Indeed, the Sudanese *coup* can be said to be the direct reverberation of Nasser's victory in obtaining Soviet money to start building the Aswan High Dam. With money available, Nasser can ill afford to have his success with the Russians marred by the insistence of the Sudanese that they have a right to increase their own diversion of water—in disregard of the 1929 Nile Agreement to which the Sudanese do not feel bound.

Only a strong government, secure in its position as representative of the Sudan, might stand up to the political and propaganda pressure that Nasser has exerted on Khartoum in recent weeks. General Abboud's *coup* gives the Sudan such a government.

NEXT WEEK

A Conversation with
PETER USTINOV

"In the McCarthy period it was made easier for the McCarthys by the fact that there were so many martyrs wishing to be Joan of Arcs, and wishing to make more out of the tragedy of their cases than was really necessary. If the counterattack to that had been a little more humorous the investigation would have been made to seem more ridiculous sooner."

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There Weren't Two Sides To the Story in Phoenix

SEN. BARRY GOLDWATER had more than good looks, money and a sound constitution. He had help in his campaign from someone who hates taxes and labor unions and Eisenhower Republicans as much as he does—Eugene C. Pulliam, owner and publisher of the only two newspapers in Phoenix, *The Arizona Republic* (morning and Sunday) and the *Phoenix Gazette*. And since Phoenix has about half the state's population, Mr. Pulliam helped. A brief documentation of how may explain why Barry Goldwater on November 4 did what no other major GOP candidate in the country succeeded in doing: running against "labor" and making it pay, pay, pay.

Let us record only some of the coverage of *The Republic*. *The Gazette* story would be a duplicate.

☆

On October 9, *The Republic* previewed its strategy with a page one head: GOLDWATER LASHES COPE'S VOTE TEST. From then on, the AFL-CIO Committee on Political Education was to be tagged the "Committee to Cancel Out People's Equality." It, and not Mr. Goldwater's Democratic opposition, became the target.

On October 10, *The Republic* reprinted on its front page an article from *Newsweek* by Raymond Moley headlined WRITER SAYS LABOR HARD AFTER GOLDWATER.

On October 15, *The Republic* headlined a Goldwater charge on page one: COPE HAS $450,000 CAMPAIGN WAR CHEST . . . "to defeat him [Goldwater] in his campaign for reelection." The $450,000 figure was repeated over and over again. Then, near the end of October, COPE's preliminary report to Congress on campaign expenditures was filed. The $450,000 figure was dropped by *The Republic* as suddenly and conveniently as Joe McCarthy had once dropped his first figures on the number of Communists in the State Department. In tones more shocked than before, the paper and Goldwater then announced that "a $14,000 political fund, including $1,000 earmarked specifically for Governor McFarland, was sent into Arizona by National COPE."

On October 16, McFarland finally made the front page with a story of his own—but above it, "piggy-back," was a 50 percent bigger story about Goldwater. The same arrangement of stories was repeated four times. Never did McFarland get top line over Goldwater. But COPE did. On October 19, the headline read: COPE AGENT MUSCLES IN. Below was a picture of Charles Alva Green. California labor figure, snapped in front of a downtown Phoenix restaurant, accompanied by two other mug shots of Green taken from California law enforcement files. In the body of the news story and unattributed in any way was the following paragraph: "Here in Arizona, with unlimited funds at their disposal, Green and the COPE ORGANIZATION are well on their way toward control of the Democratic Party, and that could be the political control of the whole state."

On October 20, after Goldwater appeared before the Mine-Mill Union Council in Tucson, the headline on the front page of *The Republic's* bulldog (early) edition read, UNION REJECTS GOLDWATER. Hasty revision for morning coffee readers produced a contrary head: UNION LAUDS GOLDWATER. What had happened was that the union did endorse McFarland, but had said Goldwater's "basic honesty and sincerity" could not be doubted.

On October 24, *The Republic* tried a tie-in between its anti-Reuther line and an appeal to Catholic voters. As if it were a news break, it published the months-old testimony of UAW Secretary Treasurer Emil Mazey before the Senate Rackets Committee hearings. On March 6, Mazey had referred to Kohler Company influence over "the church, the Bar and the Medical Association" in Cheboygan, Wisconsin; cross-examined by Senator Curtis (R, Neb.) as to whether he meant that the Catholic priests in question "are not men of integrity," Mazey had replied: "If they are controlled by the Kohler Company they couldn't be." GOLDWATER HITS UAW AIDES CLERGY ATTACK, screamed the page one head. The lead read: "A charge by a Walter Reuther top aide that every one of the Catholic clergy in a Wisconsin community lacked character and integrity brought angry comment from Senator Goldwater last night that this was typical of the 'rule or ruin' attitude of the labor bosses. Goldwater hired all Phoenix TV channels to show by film clips the dramatic story of the Senate Rackets Committee hearings on the corruption and ruthlessness of union bosses."

And he did. On television, Goldwater utilized unidentified film clips of picket lines, fist fights, cars with bullet-riddled windows, surly men snarling at the camera, and other assorted mob scenes. The men in the pictures could have been scabs fomenting trouble at a peaceful picket line, but that did not matter. The solid home owners of Phoenix and Tucson were shown what the election of Democrats might mean.

☆

Late in October, Goldwater angrily announced (and *The Republic* faithfully reported) that his elderly mother had received numerous threatening phone calls. Strange men warned her to remember the acid bath given Victor Riesel, and vowed to wreak all sorts of vengeance on her, her son, and her family. The same night, Goldwater's campaign manager found the door to his apartment "kicked" open. To the best of his knowledge, nothing was missing. The moral was that union thugs and jackanapes would stop at nothing. But although "his campaign managers expressed fear of harm to . . . his

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family," *The Republic* assured its readers that Goldwater was unalarmed.

Reuther's name was invariably coupled in the press with that of the Teamsters' Jimmy Hoffa. It wasn't until the day after the election that *The Republic* observed with a straight face on its editorial page that there's a "difference between the two: . . . One of [Hoffa's] few virtues is that he sees labor unions as most of us do, as part of America's private enterprise system. Reuther, on the other hand, sees unionism as merely a step toward power over government. . . . In the interests of making intelligent decisions on public affairs, it is important to remember the difference."

On October 31, McFarland, for the first time, got a front-page story while Goldwater did not: MAC DRAGS MC CARTHY INTO CAMPAIGN. In a TV speech, McFarland had briefly mentioned the late Wisconsin Senator. Eighty percent of *The Republic's* article was devoted to the McCarthy bit, complete with background material.

On the last Sunday of the campaign, Mac passed up a rally at which Goldwater appeared, in favor of a meeting and TV show. *The Republic* crowed on November 3, one day before the election, that "MAC MISSES FINAL RALLY," implying that Mac either lacked the energy or had quailed at the prospect of appearing on the same public platform with his opponent, Senator Goldwater.

In the closing days of the campaign, a smear of unknown parentage appeared: a handbill showing a cartoon of a smirking Joe Stalin, asking "Why not Barry Goldwater?" The Goldwater camp angrily denounced the handbill as a scurrilous trick, and the McFarland camp, disclaiming any knowledge of it, insinuated that Goldwater had planted the cartoon. Said *The Republic*: "MAC IN TEARS ABOUT SMEARS: WHAT DOES HE SAY OF THIS?" The lead on this "news story": "Further evidence of the type of political campaign conducted by COPE appeared here yesterday in thousands of pamphlets attacking Sen. Barry Goldwater."

No one, not even the FBI which was called in on the case, officially knew or knows now who had had the leaflets printed. They could have conceivably come from either camp. Yet front-page top line on November 2 told of the coming to Arizona of an investigator from the Senate Subcommittee on Privileges and Elections. Under the head: SENATE COUNSEL FLIES TO PHOENIX, *The Republic,* speaking of the Joe Stalin cartoon, said, "Political observers in Arizona attributed the Goldwater smear to those supporting McFarland." Said one *Republic* staffer when asked who those "political observers" were: "The guys that wrote the story."

DICTATOR'S DEMOCRACY

An Army coup d'etat has overthrown the government.—*Khartoum Radio, November 18*

NEED COUPS D'ETAT in Africa give grounds for pained surprise?
Need nations wait or hesitate before they recognize
The new regime, the chief supreme installed by force of arms?
The General's rule in backward states should cause no false alarms.

When taste for free democracy has never been acquired,
And government, though by consent, not generally admired,
Why is the West amazed, distressed, susceptible to shock,
If people who can't tell the time are putting back the clock?

When sudden swoops by Army groups in Thailand, Pakistan,
Iraq and South America, are followed by Sudan,
A balanced view may show this *coup* to be no unmixed curse—
A revolution from below is definitely worse.

The Generals' plot, without a shot, fells freedom at one blow,
But all top brass as ruling class uphold the status quo;
And once all those who might oppose are forcibly dismissed,
Democracy will be restored—with a single-party list.

The General then, as citizen, who runs for President
Confirms success with votes of Yes from 99 percent;
For in the land where they command, who always top the poll?
Why, Colonel Nasser, General Ayub,
Marshal Sarit, General Chehab, Brigadier Kassem,
Colonel Armas, General Stroessner, Colonel Jimenez,
And, naturally, General de Gaulle!

SAGITTARIUS

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THE MORAL WORLD OF FOSTER DULLES

"THE Communists," Secretary Dulles told the convention of the National Council of the Churches of Christ, held last week in Cleveland, "deny that there is such a thing as justice, in our meaning of the term." Perhaps the phrase "in our meaning of the term" conveys the embarrassment which any simple moralism confronts in any political problem. Who is meant by the pronoun "Our"? Do Americans, or Western democracies or all non-Communist nations define the meaning of justice? Justice, declared Aristotle, means giving each man his due. But no one has ever accurately defined how, and by whom, the due to men and to nations is to be measured. An ideal justice requires an impartial judgment, which is supplied only in an independent judicial system. Even in the domestic life of advanced democracies, justice is achieved, not through impartial tribunals but by a tolerable equilibrium of social forces. In international life, the standards of justice are even more inexact.

Naturally the Communists do not have a conception of justice "in our meaning of the term." They are informed by a dogmatic Marxist creed, which regards our justice as bogus and which exalts "socialist legality," whatever that may mean. Mr. Dulles believes that Communist immorality is responsible for Chinese strategy on the issue of offshore islands. Yet, if China were not Communist, it would still have a different perspective from ours on that strategic problem; and might still object to our insistence that the Formosan Government is the real government of China.

The fanatic oversimplification of the Communists tempts us to counter with the same fanatic distinctions between good and evil. But this fanaticism not only obscures nuances of strategy, of which statesmen should be aware; it also obscures the common predicament in which the two sides find themselves by reason of the nuclear stalemate. Both of them announced the cessation of nuclear testing, after they had completed a series of tests. The Russians have resumed their testing, and we will probably do so also when the disarmament conference breaks down; for such conferences have never yet succeeded in a situation of tension. We ought to have some recognition of this common predicament.

Mr. Dulles is as moral in dealing with our allies as he is with our foes. He reminds them that our inflexible policy is a matter of "principle." "Our collective security arrangements would surely collapse," he declared, "if our free world associates felt that they were tied to policies that shifted under the dictates of passing considerations, as to what was expedient from the standpoint of the United States. They do not like it when we adhere to principle, but they would like it even less, if we had no principles."

Mr. Dulles forgets that what our allies like least of all is his tendency to equate our inflexibility with "principle," and their more flexible policy with "expediency."

Mr. Dulles' implied disavowal of the use of force, and his indictment of the Communists for using it, is even more simple than his conception of justice. "The Communists," he warned at Cleveland, "do not share the [UN] charter's concept, either with respect to the non-use of force, or the justice of international law." His idea that the United Nations charter enjoins "the non-use of force," to use his eloquent phrase, reinforces a previous and plausible suspicion about the real authorship of President Eisenhower's television address on February 20, 1958, when he lectured Israel on the danger of its defiance in seeking to guard its victory in the Gaza strip. "If the United Nations once admits," declared the President, "that international disputes can be settled by force, we will have destroyed the very foundation of the organization and our best hope of establishing world order."

PERHAPS, but in Cleveland, Mr. Dulles said that since "the Soviet Union and the Chinese Communists have both repeatedly invoked force to achieve their ends," *we* must use it in self-defense against the Communists. "Since we cannot . . . depend on the United Nations alone to safeguard the peace, we must and do take collective action in self-defense, as authorized by the charter." This is a truer interpretation of the charter of the United Nations than the President gave in his lecture to Israel. But it still leaves us with the impression that only Communist recalcitrance prevents the world organization from abolishing force altogether. But if this should be the case, why did we send troops to guard the integrity of Lebanon? But what a foolish question. "International Communism" was responsible for the Lebanese crisis, was it not?

Mr. Dulles' moral universe makes everything quite clear, too clear. Yet it does not illuminate any of the problems created by the Russian economic advances both at home and in Asia and Africa. And it does complicate our relations with our allies, who find our self-righteousness very vexatious. For self-righteousness is the inevitable fruit of simple moral judgments, placed in the service of moral complacency.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

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Leaders Who Follow

The Voice of the Parrot, Not of a Pericles, Is Heard in the Land

by LOUIS J. HALLE

As the cease-fire in Amoy Harbor is turned on and off, as the noose into which we have put our head is alternately tightened and slackened by our Communist opponents, the time seems ripe to ask why a great nation gets itself into such positions at all. It may be well, for the moment, to turn our eyes from the bad results which our system has produced to the functioning of the system that has produced them.

We have a leadership system of government as opposed to an authoritarian. In the conduct of our international relations the President is charged with the leadership, and this requires him to perform two main functions. The first is to make foreign policy; the second, to gain the nation's acceptance of it. Ideally, in performing the first the President would exclude all considerations of domestic politics, concentrating on the external situation and confining himself to what would best serve the national purpose in dealing with it. He would make the best policy he could and, having done so, he would use the arts of leadership to gain domestic acceptance for it. In practice, however, no President since Washington has been able to exclude domestic considerations altogether from the first function. The policy that the President makes must be one for which he feels able to gain acceptance, even though it is not the best he could make. To the extent that he has reason to doubt his powers of leadership, he is constrained to make a policy that is acceptable to begin with, even though it points to disaster. Of late years it has been apparent that the direction in which the President leads is not necessarily the direction that he conceives to be right. It is, rather, the direction in which domestic forces push him. When the pressure is to reduce the budget he leads the way in that direction, trimming down the military establishment. When the pressure is to strengthen the military establishment he turns around and leads in the opposite direction, calling for a larger budget. His leadership has the same basis when he "unleashes" the Chinese Nationalists, increasing their freedom to involve us in war with the Chinese Communists. One is reminded of the leader of an insurrectionary movement during a storming of the barricades. "My people are going that way," he said, "and since I am their leader I must follow."

All this, however, represents more than personal default. It represents a deterioration of the system in which our officials try to carry out their functions. It represents an evolution of the system that has limited, increasingly, the actual possibilities of leadership.

There appears to be a natural tendency for democracies to evolve, like parabolic arcs, out of the irresponsible government of tyrants and back again into the irresponsible government of demagogues. The history of Athenian democracy is the classic example. Another is that of the Roman Republic between the destruction of Carthage and the establishment of the Principate. At first the people are inclined to delegate their political power to those who, because of their character and education, have won their confidence. They elect a Pericles or a Washington in the expectation that he will follow his personal judgment, in which they have confided, rather than simply do their bidding. But as they gain self-confidence, as they are encouraged by the rivals for their favor, and as trust in the independent leaders is impaired, the theory of leadership changes. It may be that President Eisenhower was defining this change in his First Inaugural Address when he said that the American faith today "decrees that

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we, the people, elect leaders not to rule but to serve." The responsibility of the leader is conceived to be that of harmonizing his followers, obtaining a consensus among them, and then giving it expression in action. It is not conceived to be that of seeing to it that the right consensus is reached.

Under this theory the real nature of the external challenges would have a secondary or even only a fortuitous role in the determination of foreign policy—as finally happened in Athens. For the people, however intelligent and conscientious they may be individually, are not in a position to make such determination themselves except in the broadest and most general sense—any more than they would be in a position to exercise judgment in the nation's law-courts in place of the trained judges who now discharge that function. The external challenges exist beyond the national horizon, in remote and exotic environments. We more often see their effects, like the play of distant searchlights in the night-sky, than the challenges themselves. They involve technical and abstruse considerations (just as cases in the courts often do), and they are for the most part hidden by the secrecy or duplicity of other governments. The beams of light represent deliberate deceptions. Any professional adviser to the Secretary of State finds it impossible, with all his professional time devoted to the task, to keep himself adequately informed about any large portion of the external challenges—even where the information is available. How, then, can doctors, shopkeepers, factory-workers, farmers or businessmen, with other uses for their time, keep themselves adequately informed? It is not a question of resistance to knowledge but of the peculiar demands which such an undertaking makes, the intellectual training which it requires, and the maturity on which its success depends.

We have seen such an evolution of democracy not only in America but also in England, where foreign relations were excluded from parliamentary debate until after World War I. The oligarchical procedure of the American Founding Fathers persisted in the British conduct of foreign affairs long after it had given way in the other fields of government. The members of the Cabinet were like judges in the courts, expected to exercise their own best judgments on the cases that came before them, answerable only in the long run. Since World War I, however, British governments, though still enjoying a large measure of freedom, have been increasingly gripped by the forces of an unsophisticated public opinion. They have had to labor with increasing difficulty, like men wading through glue. In France, for a generation past, it could almost be said that for long stretches of time foreign policy was no longer made at all. On one occasion after another, France has stood where she found herself, unable to move forward or back, able only to utter protests at the actions of others. For the moment, however, she appears to have acquired the kind of brilliant leader on which all democracies occasionally depend for their salvation, and hope is in the ascendant.

When we feel oppressed by lack of leadership on the national scene our sound and natural impulse is to say: If only the President would go on the air and say this or that, explain this or that! It is primarily in words that political leadership is exercised. The President of the United States cannot gain the support of the American people or the peoples of the world merely by the decisions he makes with respect to the budget, the organization of the armed forces, or federal aid to education. By making these decisions badly he can lose their confidence, but to gain their confidence he must speak to them in words. He must use logic.

Note, now, a paradox. Beginning with the period after Woodrow Wilson, the custom has developed of employing special speech-writers to prepare or assist in the preparation of the speeches which our political leaders deliver. This has developed to the point where today it is generally accepted as a matter of ordinary procedure that the President's speeches are written for him. With all the bureaucratic apparatus of speech-writers and public-relations experts which is now at the disposal of our Presidents and our Secretaries of State one might expect that this prime function of leadership would be better performed than ever before. Yet I think of no instance in which a truly memorable and statesmanlike utterance has come out of such a combination. One who has, on occasion, been intimately involved in the process of speech-writing for our governmental leaders (and who has seen words of his composition cast in imperishable bronze over the name of a famous statesman) may offer the observation that the fault is not primarily in the ability of the individuals who participate in it. Our Presidents and Secretaries, in recent times, have had speech-writers as good as money could hire or patriotic devotion could enlist, men with professional credentials that no Abraham Lincoln or Winston Churchill could match. Yet one cannot say that the consequence has been a growth in the effective eloquence of leadership.

This statement of the paradox suggests its explanation. The primary concern of leadership must be with what needs to be said to the people. As a matter of professional training, however, the primary concern of public-relations experts and copy-writers is with the audience. They are concerned, first of all, with what will be well received; and what is well received, in general, is whatever corroborates the views that the audience already holds. If the President is to address a labor audience in Detroit on foreign policy they will not be primarily concerned with the foreign-policy subject, on which they are not experts. They will, rather, concentrate on having him avoid such maturity of expression as might make difficulties for those who have not had an education beyond high-school; they will have him include state-

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ments designed to appeal to important minority groups among them; and they will have him exclude anything that might be unpopular with such an audience, however much it might need to be said. In a sense, then, it is the audience that, by its leanings and limits, writes the speech.

Here is an abnegation of leadership automatically produced by the processes of bureaucracy. The leader, who is merely one piece in this game, does not lift the people up but is brought down, by his staff-writers, to their level. (This is the same mistake that professional educators make when they write books for eight-year-olds in the vocabulary of an eight-year-old, and with equally undistinguished results.)

I CANNOT say that if our political leaders should dismiss their speech-writing staffs and once more write their own speeches the results would necessarily be better. My occasional regret that some of our leaders have not written their own speeches is matched only by my regret that others have. Few have any literary and intellectual ability approaching that of an Abraham Lincoln, a Woodrow Wilson, or a Winston Churchill. The leader's disability prompts him to resort to speech-writers. Without them he might do even worse.

Here is a dilemma that arises, I think, out of the tendency for democracy in its evolution eventually to fall away from educated statesmanship. Pericles, who was schooled in philosophy and literature, had the gift of distinguished and persuasive expression, expression which tended to lift the audience up to his level. But Cleon the uneducated tanner who succeeded him, did not have it. The gift is a product of that intellectual cultivation to which democracy, in some phases, is hostile. One understands what Cleon meant when he told the Athenians that "ordinary men usually manage public affairs better than their more gifted fellows." But the history of Athens itself suggests that, as the gifted men retire and the ordinary men step into their places, statesmanship gives way to demagogy and leadership degenerates into followership.

I would not advocate that our leaders, however gifted, consult only themselves in preparing what they will say. But taking the lead in a work of collaboration is different from accepting the completed work which one's staff sets before one. President Washington had the active collaboration of Alexander Hamilton in the preparation of his Farewell Address. But Hamilton was not a public-relations man or a professional copy-writer; he was himself a bold political leader who happened to share the convictions of the President and was, like the President, intent on giving them an expression designed more to sway the people than to win their applause. If the Farewell Address is great it is because in its reserved and formal language it expresses the profound personal convictions of a man of strong character who has suffered a long and often poignant experience of public affairs. There is no hint in it of saying what the audience would be happy to hear.

No one advances, as such, the theory that leadership in our democracy should passively accept popular opinion as it is, without questioning. But approaches to such a theory are advanced, ordinarily basing themselves on the doctrine of Congressional government: the doctrine that the executive branch is subordinate to the legislative branch, which must assume such leadership as is called for because it represents the electorate in detail, as the President does not. The most outspoken statement of the theory was made by Admiral Dewey in 1900 when he announced his candidacy for President. "Since studying the subject," he said, "I am convinced that the office of the President is not such a very difficult one to fill, his duties being mainly to execute the laws of Congress. Should I be chosen for this exalted position, I would execute the laws of Congress as faithfully as I have always executed the orders of my superiors."

The theory would also find a clear expression in many statements by President Eisenhower during his first term and in the period immediately preceding it. But the Congress cannot lead for a number of reasons. For one, when responsibility for leadership is diffused among a membership of more than 500 it tends to be lost. For another, the Congress lacks adequate means of informing itself on the daily developments that call for action, and it lacks the bureaucratic means of giving effect to its decisions.

The theory that we elect leaders merely to catalyze and represent the consensus on each issue implies that the leaders we elect should have common minds. They should be Cleons rather than Pericleses. But all such men can do is to be parrots, to say what everyone is saying; and for this purpose their speeches are best written by professional experts in what the public thinks and says, what language it understands. But this leaves out of account the external situation, that world of reality outside our borders which will not conform to our illusions or defer, of its own accord, to our national purposes and objectives. Here the leadership, under the evolving theory of democracy, is beyond its competence.

The most frequent argument for having a leader's speeches written for him is that, under the pressures of our day, he does not have time to prepare them for himself. But this is too simple. What a man has time for is a matter of the priorities on his time. The man who says he cannot write his own speech because of other demands on his time might have said that he could not meet the other demands because he had to write his speech. I think an examination of the record would show that in England, during the years of World War II, important state business was sometimes kept waiting for days while the Prime Minister devoted himself exclusively to the preparation of a speech.

Among our own leaders the lack of the necessary priority for speech-writing may sometimes reflect the personal

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reluctance of men who have no gift for composition and nothing to say. But fundamentally, I think, it is a manifestation of something rooted in our culture. We Americans characteristically make an invidious distinction between words and deeds. We prefer to think of ourselves as men of action. Literary composition, together with the processes of thought which provide its substance, seems to us dilettantish or effete, like a preoccupation with court manners and diplomatic protocol. This Cleonesque attitude is an inheritance from our ancestors, who cleared the wilderness with axes and found scant use for words.

It is inimical, however, to the practice of the highest type of political leadership, as distinct from the practice of demagogy, since such leadership depends primarily on the gift for original words and the intellectual discipline that it reflects. This is true, at least, in a democracy, where leadership is not to be divorced from the use of reason to persuade. The dearth of this gift or its depreciation has constituted a national weakness, especially since the end of World War II. It has sometimes prevented the national leadership from eliciting popular support for the policies which it found it necessary, in the national interest, to pursue; and so the nation has tended to be paralyzed or to fall victim to demagogues who misrepresented the policy for their own ends.

In a broad sense, what applies to the requirement of leadership in a democracy applies also to that of leadership of a bureaucracy, which may be only less difficult. The President and the Secretary of State, if they are sober and responsible, must consult and listen to the bureaucracy under them. But if they ask it to make their policy decisions for them, then, however intelligent its multitudinous officials, the decisions that emerge will represent only a consensus at the lowest level of understanding.

In the organization of bureaucracy for routine and mechanical operations—like delivering the mail or building an airbase—special procedures designed by administrative experts are necessary to make it foolproof, for fools there will always be. The military services have their Standard Operating Procedures, which even those with the dullest wits can understand and follow. But the exercise of top leadership in making policy and obtaining acceptance for it cannot be conducted in this fashion. It cannot be performed on the President's behalf by bureaucratic teams using the standard procedures. At the level of the President's office, everything still depends on a personal distinction for which there is no substitute. In its absence, however energetic, eager and well organized the bureaucracy may be, leadership becomes followership. When that happens democracy is imperiled.

Collapse of Negotiations for a Free Trade Area

BRITAIN IS FULL of the gloomiest forebodings about a major diplomatic conflict with France following the collapse of the Free Trade Area negotiations.

After nine months of stalling, the French—in October—produced their counter-proposals to the British plan. But their insistence that the external tariffs of the 17 West European Free Trade Area countries should be subject to collective agreement made nonsense of the whole idea. By raising innumerable technical issues rather than discussing the general framework of the Free Trade Area's association with the Common Market, they created the impression that they simply wanted to spin out negotiations until the Common Market has started operation on January 1, so as to prevent the countries outside the Common Market from adjusting themselves to this new discrimination against them. For this reason M. Soustelle's frank admission on November 14 that France did not want a Free Trade Area at all came as a relief to the British.

Yet the collapse of the Free Trade Area idea would have disastrous consequences. If the Common Market comes into being without a Free Trade Area, neither the Organization for European Economic Cooperation nor the European Payments Union can continue to function, since they depend on the absence of trade discrimination among their members. EPU has for the last 10 years financed not only the whole of intra-European trade, but the bulk of trade between Europe and the sterling area generally; its disappearance would have most unwelcome results for countries like Germany and Holland inside the Common Market which have built up lucrative trade in the sterling area overseas, as well as for Britain. Moreover, the European countries outside the Common Market may find it necessary to protect themselves against this new form of discrimination by building a discriminatory bloc.

If the French remain adamant, Germany may lead the Benelux countries in revolt against them inside the Common Market. But whether such a revolt would produce agreement on a Free Trade Area remains doubtful. For the real strength of the French position is that France does not really care whether the Common Market itself comes into existence or not.

THERE IS, IT SEEMS TO ME, a strong case for NATO itself taking a hand in an attempt to solve this crisis. After all that has been said about the importance of the economic front in the Cold War, NATO as a whole, and the US in particular, can hardly go on pretending that imminent economic warfare between the European members of the alliance does not concern them.

London DENIS HEALEY

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On the Road with John Kasper

by WILMA DYKEMAN and JAMES STOKELY

THE CHRONICLES of John Kasper—self-styled saviour of native, white, Aryan, salt-of-the-earth Americanism—continue to unfold. A few days ago in Nashville, Tennessee, the second white Southern jury to sit in judgment on the apparently incoherent activities of this brooding young stranger convicted him of inciting to riot. It set his sentence at six months on the county roads and a $500 fine, half the maximum sentence possible on the misdemeanor charge.

Although the riots had occurred a year ago during the opening of the 1957 school term, when desegregation of first-grade classes was initiated in Nashville, it had been necessary to postpone the trial until Kasper served a year's sentence in federal prison in connection with 1956 disturbances at Clinton, Tennessee.

Sowing the wind and letting others reap the whirlwind, Kasper's performance on the Southern scene has provoked—in varying degrees in various regions—curiosity, excitement, dismay. But most of all it has produced puzzlement.

How has this interloper from New Jersey, graduate of Columbia University, former bookshop owner, managed so successfully to transform latent discord into open violence? And why? What's the pay-off for this "subterranean" who has yet to walk off with any impressive sum of confidence cash, this dead-beat demagogue who has yet to whip up any active interest in personal political office? Because they cannot easily answer these questions, many Northerners find it impossible to take John Kasper seriously, and many Southerners find it possible to convict him of charges they might dismiss against their fellow Southerners whose motives would be more readily identifiable.

Sitting for a week in the small, dark-panelled criminal courtroom on the sixth floor of Nashville's Davidson County Courthouse, watching the parade of witnesses—careful policemen, concerned school teachers, wary small businessmen, truculent friends for the defense—listening to testimony about Kasper's mass meetings during those turbulent days—"he said Jews were behind it all, they were Christ-killers, worse than niggers," "he said there was going to be blood in the streets and the crowd just hollered and carried on," "he passed around pictures of colored soldiers kissing white girls"—watching and listening, two clues to the "how" and "why" of Kasper offer themselves.

First, it needs to be clearly understood that Kasper does not seek to divide white and Negro Southerners only; probably his chief success has been in dividing the white South within itself. Some of the shrewder segregation leaders have understood this and reacted most bitterly against Kasper, who brings division at a time when at least the appearance of unity is essential to their cause.

During the height of the tension at Clinton two years ago, one of the embattled young white lawyers who had helped form the home guard to hold off the white mob until the state patrol and the national guard could arrive, observed with some astonishment: "This isn't a race conflict as much as it is a class conflict!"

This has proved true in the same sense that Kasper has been forced to attack the state's leadership, from the Governor to the "city" preachers, the majority of educated, middle-class citizens, and finally even the bulk of the less blunt-spoken of his fellow segregation leaders.

The nature of this class consciousness came to light early in the recent trial. On opening Monday, the chief of Kasper's four lawyers asked for dismissal of the case, and when this was denied, requested change of venue. (This lawyer was former Criminal Court Judge Raulston Schoolfield, of Chattanooga, impeached last summer by the Tennessee House of Representatives and convicted by the state Senate on three counts of misconduct in office.) His argument for dismissal was that the panel from which the jury was to be selected would be "socially biased or otherwise prejudiced" and Kasper himself took the stand to say that he had analyzed the jury list and the majority were from the higher echelon, the silk-stocking districts, not the low-income, interracial neighborhoods where children "are forced to attend integrated schools."

"The great majority of these jurors," he said, "are economically and socially ahead of my defense witnesses and the persons I am accused of inciting to riot." Kasper described the prospective jurors as "foremen, overseers, professionals, executive-type people who live in exclusive, restricted, sub-divisions, with Negro maids and yard boys, which indicates a status not many of us can enjoy."

Although these objections were overruled, the theme recurred in somewhat less formal language again and

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again during the trial. A young reporter telling about one of Kasper's speeches to the crowd before a Nashville school recalled his saying, "I've found the only folks who will stand up and fight are the poor folks. . . . We'll fight it out. We don't want any trouble. I'm doing my best to stop any shooting, hanging or dynamiting. We don't want violence, just our rights. But we'll fight—fight—fight!"

On the stand, Kasper himself explained why he had come to Nashville in the first place: "The poor people in Nashville had no organization to represent them. There seems to be a lot of snobbery about classes here and these people who are the real salt of the earth are the ones who really suffer in integration."

It remained for Kasper's star witness to make the loftiest statement, however. Tall, graying, sun-tanned, retired Rear Admiral John G. Crommelin, of Wetumpka, Alabama, unsuccessful candidate for Alabama's Democratic nomination for Senator and Governor, former staff member of the McCarthy Committee, testified that Kasper had first come South at his suggestion. He thought Kasper well versed in the Communist-Jewish conspiracy. He described Kasper as an intellectual Robin Hood, with the ability to express the Constitution in terms of people who work with their hands.

There is some evidence that a few of Kasper's hard core followers also look upon him as a sort of Robin Hood. "We didn't have no education, no way to let those city folks know how we felt," one lean weather-bitten woman said outside the courtroom at Kasper's trial in Knoxville last year, "but now John can speak up for us and tell them about the colored and all that. He's been to college, but he's for us."

Looking at the other aspect of the Admiral's statement, its anti-Semitism, in the past the South has been relatively free from this virus. But here, again, Kasper has used racial tensions in the hope of dividing and conquering. Where old-line political demagogues used to reenforce their white supremacy appeal by attacking Eastern banks or the big railroads, this personal friend and disciple of Ezra Pound heightens the emotionalism of race by an economic and religious attack on Jews. There is also the possibility, as one man attending the trial observed, that "Kasper couldn't get enough lower-class anti-Negro money, so he had to move up a notch and go after some middle-class anti-Semitic money, too."

Actually, Kasper seems to have embarked on his strange career without special concern for either money or principle, good or evil.

And this is the second fact which emerged at his recent trial: the "why" of John Kasper is the "why" of many dark corridors in our present time, the indifferences which reflect our basic inhumanity, the opportunism which reveals our lack of principle. This "why" is the question beyond reasonable answer, its subject is the man beyond affirmation or negation. He is Nietzsche's 19th Century superman who has now become the 20th Century's hipster.

As Robert Fitch described the hipster in a recent issue of *The New Republic:* "He is deliberately a non-conformist, an irrational and irresponsible individualist, socially maladjusted and proud of it. But he is not a rebel for some cause of truth, or of beauty, or of justice; he is a rebel without a cause." Or—as in the case of Kasper's crusade for segregation—any cause that seems to further irresponsible rebellion of the moment.

In himself, John Kasper is no longer a particularly potent force. One of the law enforcement officials of Clinton, where Kasper once boasted a thriving organization complete with weekly newspaper and treasurer, said last month that he believed Kasper would be in physical danger if he returned to Clinton now. Too many of his followers had turned away from him with the same emotional violence that had at one time drawn them to him.

It must also be noted that those people in the Southern power structure who are waging a last-ditch fight for segregation have found it convenient to use Kasper as a whipping-boy. Their denunciations of his incitements to violence, their rejection of his raw oratory and the crude following it enlists, provide the foil, the camouflage for their own brand of violence and disregard for law. It has been to their advantage to discredit this interloper's bold anarchy, so that their own defiance and revolt may appear like sweet reasonableness.

THE TERROR of John Kasper lies in what he mirrors. It is the reflection of a segment of our society whose proportions are difficult to assess, but whose reality is undeniable. Perhaps the most chilling moment of that entire week's trial in Nashville came, not during displays of hate literature and descriptions of Kasper's harangues and predictions of violence, followed by the riot at Fehr School and the dynamiting of Hattie Cotton school, but during a summation speech by one of Kasper's lawyers. He said:

> I want to make a prediction this morning, even as John Kasper made one over a year ago. If integration comes to Hamilton County and Chattanooga, where I live, I predict there'll be hangings, shootings, dynamitings, and blood will flow in the streets. And you can quote me on that.
>
> Let's be realistic, gentlemen. The people of the South have lived too long under the system of segregation to permit the Supreme Court to tell them they've got to let their children go to school with the colored. The Supreme Court is not the law of the land—*you* are the law!

And perhaps more accurately than he realized, he said in his final appeal: "Gentlemen of the jury, John Kasper is as innocent as you or I. I thank you."

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Kilroy's Carnival

A Poetic Prologue for TV

(A disc jockey broadcasting, anonymous: nothing but his voice is heard: nothing is seen: the entire theatre is dark:)

IT IS MIDNIGHT NOW: it is very still; dusk and silence on all the dials from coast to coast, the darkest hour—of the heart—before the first morning, for now the air is hushed and empty. This is the farthest hour from the moment when the cocks take fire and in choir salute *l'élan vitale,* the energy which moves the sun and the other stars, bursting and chanting in roaring braggadocio: *The heart has its reasons which the mind cannot understand,* and the mind has its desires which the heart cannot bear, has aspirations with which the heart cannot contend: because the mind is its own place, grace and power.

Then, at dawn, the sun's blaze describes the meaning of astonishment, the leaves in the trees and the birds among the leaves, sign and sigh, being far beyond the being which doubts and believes:

"The darkling night has suffered death, has perished before the face and blaze of the primal fire! Morning, the dearest, begins to mount. Day, the deathless, arises again! Kiss me, daylight. Feather me all over with the warmth of light and the light of warmth!"

And the birds chirrup, cherubic, lipping and dripping in twitter and chortle, whistle and bubble. Their calls and their cries are little and lyrical, declaring that every fowl is a phoenix; every bird is a word: every day is a birthday: every child is a ghost reborn once again at dawn!

And in the world of the heart, as at the heart of the world, they call out also:

"How we are half-aware, at every breath, that the chicken hawk, Elijah, who hovers us is Elijah's raven: every ghost awaits resurrection in the womb of the darkness."

And the trees confess that they are harps. And the bantam cocks, precocious in pride, cry out: "Pride: stud is power!"

And the orchard is a kindergarten and singing school for flying sopranos in the east of morning's jubilee, in the boughs of the tree of the apple of this world.

And the rooster roars Hallelujah, and the distant cocks reply Hosannah, and in the depths of the body's tyranny and the mind's lunacy, the sleeping who still possess the power of laughter are quickened by the hurrahing of dawn's demagogues, morning's fanatics. Intimations of the morning's glory haunt them, hinting in a delicate whiteness which touches their drawn eyelids delicately, tenderly. Then their hearts canter and romp like colts, playing: and amid the dishevelled sheets and pillows of sleep, as they turn, recumbent, in the lounging body of this life, this death, they listen to the slow murmur of a hymnal:

"Summer is the secret: summer is eternal: before summer, summer is coming; after summer ascends in the maize, in the wheat, in apple and plum, and falls as heavy fruit to rottenness and death, summer descends and dies that it may be reborn, it falls to rise and dies that it may rearise in the fullness of its green glory: the heart has its season, before and after reason: summer is the heart's reason which reason cannot comprehend and cannot begin or end." . . .

. . . An interruption. These interruptions—as those of you know who are not disturbed and wakeful tonight only, separated tonight only from the magic and the magnetism of sleep's divinity—are characteristic and unavoidable; inoffensive after a week, no longer irritating, often desirable; admirable, at times far more original than the queries and theories which arise in normal daylight consciousness. I will now read from them at random:

The first question is: "Who did you vote for in the last election?" Signed, Mark Hanna. The answer, Dear Mark Hanna, Tweed of Ohio, Cleveland's first Richelieu, is simple: I like I.Q. This is what my house cat remarked after regarding the two candidates on TV.

Question two: "How about some music?" Signed, A Savage Beast. Dear Canine, you have had music, the music of language. And there is music everywhere in the air, if you care to tune in. But if your request is literal—an extremely improbable possibility—you need only turn on your phonograph and listen to your master's voice, dear Savage Canine, dog in the manger.

Question three: "Which team won the World Series in 1914?" Signed, Forgetful. Postscript: "What horse won the Kentucky Derby at Epsom Downs, Flanders Field and on the Marne?" The answer to your question, Forgetful, is: The St. Louis Blues. The answer to your postscript question is Hallucination, a nightmare, won the Kentucky Derby on the first of September, 1939. The famous classic took place on the Polish border, and as you suggest also, upon the Maginot Line.

Question four: "Do you have a sense of humor?" Signed, Smiles. Dear Smiles, It would be ungracious of me to answer your impertinent question since my surly answer would surely displease you. I might say: "Yes: do you know any jokes?" Suppose instead, I asked you a question: "Dear Giggly, Does your wife's smiling face resemble the sly smile upon your mother's face in a snapshot or in memory?" It would be incest to answer yes or no, yet if you fail to reply, you must hide, dissemble, or answer another hideous question: "Are you afraid? If so, why? If you are not afraid, wherefore art thou sleepless, Smiles?"

Question five: "What is a monologue?" Signed, Hard of Hearing. Dear Hard of Hearing, a monologue is a log that has lost its jam. Jam you, Disingenuous: if you ask rhetorical questions you must expect ridiculous answers. You are, I am sorry to have to say, either disingenuous or self-deceived —the latter is more to be feared—the truth is that you are the one who wants to do all the talking.

Question six: "Was your mother a virgin at the time she embraced monotony?" Signed, Vivacious. Dear Vivacious, the second Kinsey Report will confirm the statistical and scientific nature of my answer.

My mother has preserved her spiritual or emotional virginity to this very hour and surely will not abandon herself at this point or in the future. I was conceived in a dream that she was dancing the Hesitation Waltz with the life of the

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party. She gave birth to me in a state of low dudgeon and savage indignation and has insisted ever since that I am the foal of foul slander, a libelous accusation, a malignant growth. I will not elaborate on this point or comment on her attitude toward the ambiguous scion she has without exception denied or regretted, except to say that, in short, she has accused me of celebrating Mother's Day, Ash Wednesday, Yom Kippur and Good Friday during the very same twenty-four hours of contrition and atonement.

And now, for relief, variety, a change of key, a shift in tone, I will recite a poem or anthem by Canderon, the crooner who anticipated Elvis Presley but has not made been set to music that the jukeboxes of the nation might rejoice:

We live while we see the sun
Where living and dreaming are one.
And life has taught me merely this:
Man dreams the life that he is
Until life's dream is undone.
The king dreams that he is king!
(—Stop! stop! what a thing to say:
Whether in earnest or in play—).

And all the praise he receives
Is written on the wind and the leaves,
Or in frost streaked upon the pane
Or in the dribbling of the rain;
It is dust and not laurel or bay
When death ends all in a breath:

Where, then, the pomp of a throne?
It perishes sooner than the bone
In the other dream which is death.
Man dreams whatever he may be
And no man knows his own dream:
As I, too, dream and behold
That I dream, dreaming that all pain
Is a blessing disguised, and untold.

What is life? A tale poorly told?
What is life? Images which seem
The reality at the end of a dream!
The greatest of all goods is small:
The belief that life is a dream,
And that is all that it is: all!

AND NOW the day's news in a synopsis or nutshell: Marlon Brando has declared that he no more needs Hollywood than a moose needs a hat rack and has announced that if as publicity insists Marilyn Monroe continues to desire to play the role of Grushenka in *The Brothers Karamazov*—she has requested the role—he intends to ask as an ultimatum that he be cast as Lord Fauntleroy, the little hero, and juvenile thoroughbred: *Noblesse oblige* will be his byword, his cry, his touchstone.

However.

This was a normal day as days go in the fearful Twentieth Century. The number of murders, rapes, seductions and abductions were average for this time of year. Intellectuals continued to be eggheads. Pearls were cast to swine. Rain fell, Sparks flew, Dust rose.

Night followed day and experience overtook innocence: first of all and most important of all, the Creation once again occurred. To those who have tuned in on this program for the first time, it is necessary that I say as I have said before: the Creation occurs every morning at dawn and all day long. The world is a fire, a great fire, a bonfire, a wild fire, a stupendous conflagration: it must be sustained continually by a new supply of fuel—I almost said fool or fowl—Hence it must be appropriate to cite once again the incidental views and comments which occurred on the very first day that God made heaven and earth. Many were the comments, then as now. Some angels snickered. Some remained preoccupied; others were suspicious; still others, needless to say, were conservative or appalled: they felt that no change was necessary or justified the avoidable and gratuitous risk. . . .

During the first day and in the fading light of the first dusk, there were a variety of cheers and sneers and mocking exclamations, and dumbfounded admiration, spoken carefully or carelessly, sincerely or politely, candidly or cautiously, by angels beholding the spectacle.

A Throne said: Wow!

A Power exclaimed: Anything for a laugh!

A Domination remarked: This is pure virtuosity!

Several said: We were not consulted. Some maintained that the angelic orders had been insulted. Two insisted that it was all a flash in the pan. Another asserted with scorn and contempt: if this had been at all necessary, it would have come into existence a long time before now.

One angel remarked: This is remarkable. Whatever the ultimate judgment we make, this is remarkably remarkable.

Now let us hear a lyric which may or may not be appropriate.

A Popular Score

O Nirvana
Don't you wait for me
I'm going with mañana
She's the only girl for me.

I don't want Miss America,
I don't want Miss Paree,
My girl is Miss Utopia,
We're going steadily.

I don't want the boss' daughter,
She might be a wife-in-law,
And say her father bought her
A fortune-hunting bore!

So get along Nirvana,
I've fallen for mañana,
She's my only marijuana
She's the only bride for me.

From here out to Montana
From here to Caroline
There's only one mañana,
Mañana shall be mine!

I'm all through with plurality,
I have a blind date with reality,
We're going steadily:
So get along Nirvana,
My girl is sweet Mañana,
She's the only hope for me.

DELMORE SCHWARTZ

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The Superficial Aspect

Brooks, the Baptist

THE STORY which appeared in *The New Republic* last week of what happened to Rep. (until the next Congress assembles) Brooks Hays, of Arkansas, is worthy of the close attention of every student of American politics for the next two years.

Ordinarily any man who has been not merely defeated, but defeated by a write-in candidate whose name was not even mentioned until a week before the election, is the deadest object in the political cemetery. But the defeat of Mr. Hays was not ordinary. It was plainly a part of Governor Faubus' campaign of defiance of the rest of the United States and of the civilized world, South Africa perhaps excepted. Hays' offense was that he thought defiance idiotic and tried to substitute the rule of reason.

It brings to mind an incident of more than a hundred years ago similar in that the victim was beheaded, not for his own offending, but in pursuance of a larger objective. Martin Van Buren had been named minister to England by President Jackson during a Congressional recess and had proceeded to London to take his post because, up to that time, confirmation of a minister by the Senate was mere routine. In this case nobody cared much about Van Buren one way or the other, but to Calhoun and Clay, leaders of the Senate, it seemed a heaven-sent opportunity to slap their mortal enemy, Andrew Jackson, so the nomination was rejected.

Thomas H. (Old Bullion) Benton, Jackson's Senate leader, fought desperately to prevent the rejection, but he was voted down, and Calhoun, referring to Van Buren triumphantly announced, "It will kill him, sir, kill him dead. He will never kick, sir, never kick," which was one of the most fatuous utterances in the history of American politics. It was Old Bullion who understood the situation. When the vote was announced he said grimly to Moore, of Alabama, "You have broken a minister and elected a Vice President." Benton understated the case; Van Buren was elected Vice President and proceeded from that to the Presidency.

Faubus certainly thinks that he has killed Hays so effectively that he will never kick. Maybe so, but there are certain factors to take into consideration before one decides. Hays was not only a Congressman, he was also president of the Southern Baptist Convention, and he was presiding when that convention resolved that as far as religious affairs are concerned segregation is un-Christian. The latest figures available give the Southern Convention 8,708,823 members. Hays has been regarded with friendly interest by the American (formerly Northern) Baptist Convention which has 1,526,276 members. Needless to say, he is accepted as a reasonable man by the National Baptist Convention USA (Negro) with 5,000,155 members. That is to say, Hays in some measure is representative of more than 15 million Baptists, while Faubus represents less than 2 million Arkansans.

The professional politicians in the Democratic Convention of 1960 would like to do something to placate the South, if they can accomplish it without ridiculous self-stultification. If they nominate for first place either Kennedy or Brown, they will feel strongly impelled to placate the Protestants. Nixon and Eisenhower have done their earnest best to make it necessary for them to placate the moderates. Hays fills all three specifications, which makes him very nearly the perfect model of a candidate for Vice President.

For the rest, he had served 16 years in the House, which is strong evidence that he was a good Congressman, and conclusive evidence that he is a first-rate campaigner. What more could the party ask?

Even if the Democrats should decide not to risk either a Catholic or as pronounced a liberal as Humphrey, and should fall back on Adlai Stevenson again, Hays' Southern birth and evangelical religious affiliation would be valuable as balancing a Unitarian from Illinois.

HIS PARTISAN availability, though, is far less interesting to the student of American politics than the challenge that his position presents to Southern members of the largest Protestant body in the country. To what extent will the pull of religious fraternity counteract the pull of opposition to racial integration? It must be borne in mind that the Baptist organization is strictly congregational. The convention has no power whatever over the individual church in matters of faith and dogma, and some Baptist churches have been and are hot-beds of segregation sentiment. But these have been opposed to Hays for years and have been out-voted by the great majority that has looked upon the Arkansas Congressman with pride and confidence. These Baptists are resentful of the treatment accorded their president by Faubus and his friends, and their resentment tends to thrust them into the liberal wing of the Democratic Party.

Faubus has broken a Congressman, but what else he has done remains to be seen. It will be interesting indeed if the events of the next two years vindicate Old Bullion Benton's judgment a second time.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

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BOOKS & COMMENT

A Life in Reviews

by Stanley Kauffmann

JAMES AGEE died three years ago of a heart attack at the age of forty-five, and it is not facetious to wonder how he lasted as long as he did. Rage and love and disappointment and hope against hope had flared so hotly in him that only a man with the physical tenacity of the devoted intellectual could have endured it for forty-five weeks, let alone years. His film criticism, the present instance of his rage and love, he had forsaken some years before his death for screen-writing, some of which he did superbly; but the change of occupation could not have brought him much nearer the perfection for which he stubbornly ached.

Agee on Film, by James Agee (McDowell, Obolensky; $6).

Following the posthumous success of his novel *A Death in the Family*, this volume appears, containing every film review he wrote for *The Nation* (1942-1948), a selection of his anonymous reviews for *Time* in the same period, and various film articles he wrote for *Life*, *Partisan Review*, and *Sight and Sound*. To dispose of some small objections at once, I think that none of the *Time* pieces should have been included, that the photographs weakly attempt to illustrate a book which would have been better off without illustration, and that the incidental drawings are lamentable. Agee's occasional misprints are retained along with the corrections in subsequent articles in a presumable (and dubious) effort to give an air of immediacy. No editor is credited so there is no one to indict for these matters or for the inadequate introductory note and section headings.

The specialist reaches for a book like this automatically, but the general reader wants to know why he should bother to read reviews of movies long gone, no matter how well written. Well, few general readers will be interested in every word here, but many will be moved by the central figure that this book creates: that of a man of sensibility and mind putting every nerve and brain-cell, every memory and hope, completely at the disposal of a major contemporary art and passing on to us, as through a literary cardiograph, the effect on him of that art. Thus he provides us with a picture of the horrors and aspirations of an age, and of the torment and vision of an explorer who dares to leave the cozy nest of acceptances.

That is a large statement but not hyperbolic. See, for substantiation, his three-part review of *Monsieur Verdoux*, his essay on the Hollywood Ten, his review of *Man's Hope*. Consider, too, the vein of his comments on war pictures, written *during* the war. This was published in July, 1944:

> [Corwin's voice on the sound-track] has, it seems to me, a slightly officious resonance, and I don't think he should be forgiven the remark "One down" when a German sentry falls dead, or the remark "Reluctant superman" as partisans drag a frantically abject-German soldier from his hiding place in a haystack. (Just before this shot ends or is cut, by the way, there is a sudden clenching of people round the prostrate soldier, ambiguous but horribly suggestive, which makes the crack still more off color, and tempts me to wonder how global the anthology of post-war atrocity films might be, if every nation has the historical conscience to preserve its stock).

I submit that, particularly in view of its date, this passage reveals something more than mere courage.

What was Agee's stature as a critic? The best critic is one who illuminates whole provinces of an art that you could not see before, who helps to refine the

Book Burial

MY DAUGHTER says, "I like the way daddy holds a book."
My wife says, "With respect, noblesse oblige."
(My wife rolls over on reading matter,
She sleeps on books, she has the right idea.)

I hate literature, hate it with a gem-like flame,
Though I respect a book as I respect
The integer of the crowd.
Two things I hate are literature and crowds.

In an age of ignorance there are many books.
So said the author of the dictionary.

To which I add:
Books that are not bibles make good pulp,
Pulp unto pulp and the sooner the better.
I hate whole libraries, yet if I touch a book
The old Jew comes out in me;
My hands grow gentle, my forehead gathers in peace.
I can no more hurt a book than I can kick an animal.
God knows I'd like to kick a few million books
Into the potbelly stove of hell.
But I can't, a book is an integer of the crowd.

The old Jews used to bury books with prayer
After the old books had been prayed to death.

I see the viewpoint of my wife and daughter:
Even a bad book is worth a funeral.

KARL SHAPIRO

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general public's taste (which is never good enough—they haven't time, they're busy studying something else or doing their jobs) and who serves as a sounding board for serious artists. (This last word is a drastic need; for instance, many serious writers work for years in this country without one valuable piece of criticism, even though they get many reviews.) But fundamentally you take a critic's hand and let him lead you further, perhaps higher, only if you are initially convinced of a substantial area of mutual sympathy and interest.

FOR ME, then, despite his rare virtues, Agee is a deficient critic. We have a large basic disagreement. At bottom he has, I believe, little regard for or understanding of the art of acting; indeed, throughout this collection there are numerous references to his preference for well-directed non-professionals as against actors. This, to me, is a blindness, a literalness puzzling in a man of his imagination. Admittedly, some movie faces can never be accepted as what they're playing but only as idol-image movie stars, but this is true of the Gary Coopers, not the Alec Guinesses. It is the fault of the specific actor, not the art of acting. The fact that fine directors like de Sica have made memorable films with non-actors doesn't really prove Agee's theory. *Umberto D.*, moving as it is, would have been infinitely better with a good actor in the title role. To succeed with the amateur cast is a remarkable stunt, at best; the same picture with good, appropriate actors could not help being better.

Further, many of Agee's comments on actors seem to me unperceptive. A few examples: He does not, in my view, recognize the vocal shortcomings of Olivier (a not invariably excellent actor) in *Henry V*. He can write about a competent but commonplace *farceur* like William Demarest: "His performance (in *Morgan's Creek*) stands . . . among the finest I have seen." He says of the whole cast's readings in the *Hamlet* film: "I don't feel that much of the delivery is inspired; it is merely so good, so right, that the words set loose in the graciously designed world of the screen, like so many uncaged birds, fully enjoy and take care of themselves." This seems to me the compensation in ecstasy of a man who knows very little about acting and feels guilty because he isn't genuinely interested.

Paradoxically, his greatest asset is passion: he takes films seriously as such, cares greatly about them, what they are doing and where they are going. His reviews are more personal and social statements than they are, in the purest sense, art criticism, and they are strong statements. Yet even in social interpretation he can be argued with. For me, he completely misses the point of *The Notorious Gentleman*, which, after four viewings, I think a valuable social commentary (as well as a good work of art). But his reactions flame; his passion—more moral than artistic—really burns.

The *Time* pieces should have been omitted because they are not the work of the full man but of the Luce employee. There is no quarrel, obviously, with a man's earning his living, but one need only compare his *Time* and *Nation* reviews of *Down to Earth* and *Mourning Becomes Electra* to see when he was being deft at his job and when he was being Agee. His famous *Life* article on the silent-film comics is a blend of both qualities.

THE sternest criticism that can be made of these collected articles is that, from them, emerges not so much a critical intelligence or a Promethean appreciator of an art as a lovable and admirable man. Sometimes his lines soar; sometimes they merely gush. Sometimes his rhapsodic stabs penetrate to the heart; sometimes they flounder. He is given to meaningless distinctions. ("*Verdoux* is not the best of Chaplin's films, but it is the most endlessly interesting." The better ones were less interesting?) But he had what is missing from most criticism today—of films and all arts: fierce intensity. The bitter image he leaves is not of a facile, corrosive cynic but of a blazing pessimist.

Next Week

Christmas Literary Review

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Rebel from Beacon Hill

by Herbert F. Vetter, Jr.

"IF I DIE before emancipation, write this for my epitaph. 'Here lies Wendell Phillips, infidel to a Church that defended slavery—traitor to a government that was only an organized conspiracy against the rights of man'." That line epitomizes the passion of the radical aristocrat of 19th-Century Boston who not only did not die before the emancipation of the slaves but hurled a death spear into the institution he despised.

Prophet of Liberty: The Life and Times of Wendell Phillips, by Oscar Sherwin (Bookman; $10).

Born of a New England lineage which reached back to 1630 and included founders of Phillips Exeter and Phillips Andover Academies, Wendell Phillips was quite properly trained for law at Harvard. Beacon Hill was his native habitat. When the young lawyer heard tumult outside his window, however, and discovered that his associates on the Hill were united in their efforts to lynch William Lloyd Garrison ("the damned Abolitionist"), he abruptly confronted a side of social reality hitherto unknown to his pampered eyes. Outraged to find that the regiment which should have protected Garrison was itself among the mob, Phillips experienced a trauma. When he met Garrison a few months later, in 1836, the Boston gentleman was rapidly transmuted into a pariah: he became an Abolitionist. Nevertheless, Phillips deliberately sacrificed his social standing and his career in order to speak and to act with sharp force, moral force, against what he now knew to be the sin of the age, slavery.

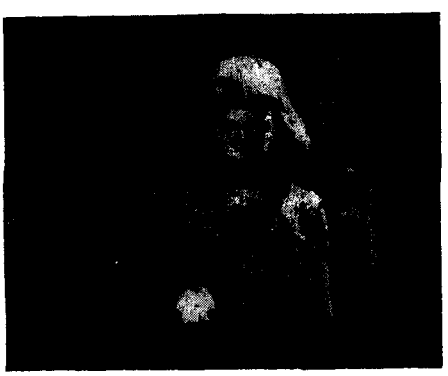
Oscar Sherwin, of the College of the City of New York English Department, has not only presented the definitive biography of the American philosopher of agitation; his exhaustive study of Wendell Phillips is equally a dramatic panorama of 19th-Century American culture as seen through the penetrating lens of the Abolitionist movement. Garrison emerges as the contentious, non-resistant "Pope" of the Abolitionists, and with him are a host of vital characters: John Brown, Charles Sumner, Anthony Burns, Horace Mann, Daniel Webster, George Latimer, John Calhoun, Ellen Craft, Susan B. Anthony.

Sherwin's book carries far more than excellent biographical episodes and insights, however. Disclosed here are the underlying forces in American life, in sharper focus than we normally see them. For decades, in North and South alike, the press and the pulpit were almost without exception chained to the cause of slavery. To the radical reformers, to the apostles of freedom for the Negro, the Constitution itself was but "an agreement with hell" designed to protect the accursed institution which epitomized every evil. Economic theory and ardor for the Union were seen as mere modes of moral and political pretense behind which lay the unstilled drive to preserve human beings as property.

Of particular import in this too lengthy, yet often crisp, delineation of the life and times of Phillips is the light Mr. Sherwin's study shines on America's moralistic approach to social and political problems. For the Abolitionists, the case is utterly simple: all or nothing, purity or disunion. America's crusading temper is here held under a microscope. Despite the author's pleading for just appreciation of the labors of the Abolitionists, even he must admit that his hero was deluded in his antagonism toward the Union. Sherwin confesses that Phillips was rabid with hatred of the Southern slave-holders, all 347,000 of whom the prophet of liberty wished to see hung or exiled and deprived of every acre of land. None too consistently, yet understandably, Sherwin decries perpetual praise for tame moderation and compromise in the politics of American democracy, exalting the agitators who see nothing but pure moral principles divorced from consequences at stake in our social conflicts; yet at the same time he recognizes that his hero, whenever he saw freedom endangered, became "a fanatical and relentless Puritan warrior."

PHILLIPS' work did not cease when the battle for emancipation was won. He turned his enormous critical and constructive energies to other social concerns, especially labor reform. As early as 1865 he championed the eight-hour work day, declaring that if we shut up a man to work ten, eleven, sixteen hours a day, he comes out the fag end of a man. Men and women, not cotton and coal, are the true measures of a civilization. The workers' right to strike must be defended. The Labor Reform Party must be strengthened. At this point the influence of the celebrated orator of Abolition began to wane. Prophetic pursuit of economic justice was even less popular than the cause of liberty, especially in the North. Phillips advocated a graduated income tax. He argued that labor must be organized to secure justice. Typical of his words of rebuke are these, "If we looked at Churches, Caucuses, the Exchange, or the College, one would infer that Christ had died to save property."

Phillips was buried in Boston Common on February 6, 1883. For three hours the body lay in state while almost the entire Negro population of Boston passed the coffin.



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Art Books: High Tide

by Frank Getlein

As confidently predicted here a month ago, the publishers of art books are at the top of their form right now. We'd better get on with it, for there are certain to be more before there are less.

Skira's most formidable offering at the moment is volume two of *Flemish Painting*. Jacques Lassaigne, who wrote last year's *Century of Van Eyck*, is joined by Robert L. Delevoy in *From Bosch to Rubens* ($25.) The text is alert, bright and alive with insight, drawing on suggestions from exhibitions as well as on scholarly writings. A host of minor figures is handled almost in note form, while very full treatment is accorded Bosch, Pieter Bruegel, Rubens and Van Dyck, with a middle depth available for a fair number of middling men. From Van Eyck's crystalline heavens, the new volume plunges at once into Bosch's sulphurous pit and thereafter pursues the Flemings' too successful efforts to find the middle ground. The Skira grand design in which the new volume appears is "Painting: Color: History." The authors follow the design; painting is made to illuminate history as often as history is called upon to explain painting. There is an occasional gospel ring to a debatable proposition, but this is always more stimulating than misleading. The color is gorgeous and plentiful, 112 plates, including, as always, many details.

Never a man to advance on one front at a time, Skira also presents *Claude Monet* ($5.75) in the "Taste of Our Time" series. A foreword and an afterword by the late Léon Degand develop the now familiar thesis that Monet's late works point the way to abstract expressionism, an idea also touched on in the main text by Denis Rouart, who knew the old man in the last years at Giverny. This just about leads to having us all cry out, *O felix culpa!* at Monet's cataracts, which were certainly responsible for the presumed proto-abstract expressionism in those water-garden paintings. The obvious fact is that Monet worked on the sunny side of 19th Century romanticism —in the wider sense — manifesting everywhere a cheerful but serious nature worship which is much more important than his highly successful methodology. The abstract expressionists have carried the dark side of that same 19th Century romanticism—the artist himself as myth, the keen adolescent sense of one's own importance, the apotheosis of art—to a point beyond which I doubt it can go. The 56 color plates tell Monet's story beautifully; Rouart's "historical and critical study" is comprehensive, informative and (see above) provocative.

A publisher not normally associated with art books, Prentice-Hall, has brought out a beauty in Henry Varnum Poor's *A Book of Pottery* ($7.50). Prentice-Hall does produce a lot of technical books and on the surface this is another. Any potter, of any degree of competence, can learn a lot from Poor's detailed account of what he's learned in forty years at the wheel. The book is loaded with formulas, techniques and instructions on building your own equipment. More than a hundred illustrations, photographs, drawings and a few color plates, add greatly to both the practical and aesthetic values. If you like ceramics, the book will vastly increase your understanding; if you don't, it will, in the first four pages, persuade you that you should. There's a craft cult going on in the United States; all kinds of people are getting the hots for pots. Poor cuts through all that. The book offers the rare experience of listening to a man in love with his work talking about it. The motto of the book is from an early English plate: "Earth I am, it is most true,/ Disdain me not, for so are you."

Harcourt, Brace, another non art-book publisher, has *The Banquet Years*, by Roger Shattuck, ($8.50) a critical and speculative examination of the arts and society. Shattuck thinks that the intellectual and especially the cultured tone of the present century was pretty well established in the years of his title immediately preceding World War I, and, it goes without saying, in Paris. To epitomize the forces then forming in Paris, Shattuck selects four men, the poet Alfred Jarry, the painter Henri Rousseau, the composer Erik Satie and the critic Guillaume Apollinaire, "the impresario of the avant-garde." Like most of us Shattuck is a little too ready to expand his specialization into generalizations, but the treatment of the lives and works is thorough and fascinating, the evocation of a time and a place completely successful.

Abrams, as noted earlier, has been developing great style and imagination; these qualities don't slack off for a moment as the season approaches its peak. Peter Pollack's *Picture History of Photography* ($17.50) is a breathtaking review of the subject. Pollack is the former curator of photography at the Art Institute of Chicago, where he staged a memorable continuing series of one man exhibitions. The book begins with the development of the *camera obscura* and touches on such related things as Dürer's "Drawing Machine," the *camera lucida* and the silhouette. Detailed accounts give the curious history of Niepce, the actual inventor of photography, and Daguerre, the entreprenurial genius who made it pay. Technical advances and financial scheming get equal play in the mid-19th Century, as photographers in France, England and the United States all try to monopolize the process. But, in Pollack's phrase, photography is by its nature the most democratic of the arts and the schemers never really had a chance. Years before the Civil War, the camera's eye is everywhere and we see startling images of a world long dead. In the nineties, in New York, Jacob A. Riis invented at one and the same time picture journalism and photography as an instrument of social reform. His telling views of the East Side are here, as are many examples of the monumental Farm Security Administration effort directed by Roy Stryker. Pollack himself is the most democratic of historians, mushing no theory, showing and relating everything the camera has seen. The over 600 photographs are by almost every distinguished photographer, from Lewis Carroll and Thomas Eakins to Robert Capa and Aaron Siskind. A well-written, magnificently planned and executed work.

Notes on Contributors

HERBERT F. VETTER, JR., is a Unitarian clergyman. KARL SHAPIRO's newest book is *Poems of a Jew*. FRANK R. PIERSON has worked in television and for a national magazine.

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TELEVISION

Big People: Small Talk

THERE IS a confidential note of warning about television when it stops talking baby talk and turns serious. On Kaleidoscope, Charles Van Doren stares balefully into the camera and says, "Watch carefully, or you'll be left behind.." Alistair Cook warns us to rush children outdoors before *Omnibus* piles into that reliable standby of high school debating societies, Capital Punishment Should Be Abolished. The underlying feeling seems to be that the only alternative to mindless entertainment is grim purpose. Panel and interview shows are always intent on drawing a conclusion, summing up, uncovering secrets. Mike Wallace, yelping alongside his celebrities like a dog biting automobile tires, is (he has told us) pursuing the truth about them.

Small World, produced for CBS by Fred Friendly and Ed Murrow, seems to be a reaction against this portentous communicating, an effort to set intelligent people to saying what they think in conversation instead of in self defense. It turns out a shambles, intellectually, but serves a purpose after all, in quite a wonderful way.

The show begins in Ed Murrow's office, which seems on my set to be hovering vaguely over Cape Hatteras. His guests, Admiral Rickover, speaking from his office in Washington; Rebecca West from England; Mark Van Doren from New England, are visible to each other, on television sets. The camera cuts from speaker to speaker, with an occasional glance at a reaction: when Admiral Rickover accused Miss West of making fudge, for example, we saw her eyes turn heavenward in irritation. Murrow steered the conversation to the Admiral's running battle with educational practice in the US, and pretty much let things take their course.

What happened was an utter rout, with the Admiral driving the foe before him with facts, figures and well-placed volleys of sarcasm. Miss West, stuck with her fudge, and Mr. Van Doren, chivvied into seeming to oppose hard work in high school, were put in a position they could not defend and were not allowed to escape. "It is you writers and intellectuals," the Admiral said at one point, "who should have been alerting us to [educational failure]. . . . I think politicians are wonderful. They are the only people who face these issues."

NOT A THING was solved by all this. The talk was ordinary, but the real game on *Small World* is personality, not information. Witness the Admiral being tactless in his calculating way. He is a pugnacious man, not above insulting Miss West to confuse her. One imagines Rickover treating Navy brass with this same elegant contempt, his frosty smile twitching the corners of his mouth down, and (how irritating, how inexcusable!) being always right and having figures to prove it. Much was suddenly clear about the Admiral's troubles with the Navy. Miss West hooted like a British lady novelist, and at random moments chattered out bursts of information about odd places she has visited as a journalist, like a teletype switched on by accident. Van Doren, donnish, exuding an aura of pipe smoke and sherry, strove mightily to be fair, and only seemed in contrast to the grim Admiral a well meaning fellow, perhaps a little out of touch.

In showing us these things, *Small World began* to show real promise of using television as a literal and relentless eye, instead of as a stage or window. Producers of interview and panel shows seem uncomfortable without a frame or a platform for their people. They immure them behind desks and nameplates, contrive sets, like Mike Wallace's dark alley—anything to fence off subject and viewer, to create an audience listening to a debate.

It is a mistake. The single peculiar thing that makes television neither a stage nor a movie is that its screen holds a head and shoulders in the same dimensions as our own. It is possible for it to set the viewer down beside his subject, so that he is no longer listening to a debate but has the illusion of entering a roomful of bright and opinionated strangers. The camera screens away distractions and self consciousness, letting the viewer discover for himself those little gestures, like Admiral Rickover's whiplash of smile, that begin in the soul of a man. Ringing him round with furniture puts the subject on guard and on stage, destroying the possibility of candor. It is imaginable that Senator McCarthy might have combed his hair and had his suit pressed and made a good impression in a television speech, but once his attention was directed to committee affairs his essential brutality was revealed to us layer by layer—television had begun to act as our eye and not his podium.

This use of television as a direct connection of viewer and actor was once being developed as a genre; there is not much of it left around these days, with the serious live drama all but buried. *Small World's* approach is less of something new than a reflection of a bright hope that assembly-line entertainment has forced off the air.

Hubbell Robinson, CBS-TV's program chief, refers to *Small World* as "egghead entertainment for the masses," which suggests that the network thinks of it as a sort of bearpit where intellectuals and quiz show winners throttle each other and the mob laughs. Murrow seems on guard against it, and also aware of the illusion his cameras occasionally created. He stayed out of the way.

SMALL WORLD will go on being uneven; it is subject to conventional clotting of the kind that afflicts strangers thrown together at cocktail parties. The following week, Peter Ustinov, Sol Hurok and Governor Theodore McKeldin sparred about but never quite located each other before the half hour was gone. With the conversation lagging, Murrow yielded for the first time to the urge to bite tires. He threw us a leer and got Republican McKeldin to agree that reporters should go to Red China.

Last week Aneurin Bevan, Franz Josef Strauss and General Alfred Gruenther were thrown a UN-size issue—European defense—and all talked passionately and simultaneously to no effect. It is to prevent half hours like this that little international meetings are held to prepare rules and agendas for bigger international meetings. A half hour is for smaller talk.

FRANK R. PIERSON

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Correspondence

(Continued from page 3)

presses his rage by virtue of a somewhat sinister iron control. Whether this is in fact true I cannot say as I do not pretend to be as well acquainted with Mr. Nixon as Miss Halsey. It might, however, have been better if Miss Halsey, taking a clue from Nixon, had herself suppressed some of her more blatant emotions. Liberals, for that matter all students of American politics, do not advance their understanding of Nixon by repeating such incantations as "combination of Prince Albert and a hungry shark," "parasites," "man of unmixed bad," etc. *ad nauseum*. . . . Throughout American history—Jefferson's accession to power in 1800, Jackson's triumph in 1828, the election of "That Man" in 1932 and more recently Senator Proxmire's victory in Wisconsin ("a triumph for Walter Reuther and Khrushchev") — we have heard dire predictions as to what would follow when a certain individual attained power. . . . To avoid misunderstanding let me add that I am a registered Democrat who looks forward to casting his vote against Nixon in 1960. I cannot help but feel, however, that Miss Halsey would not be quite so vehement against the toothpaste ad technique of selling candidates had Adlai Stevenson proved to be a more merchandisable product in 1952 or 1956.

C. PETER MAGRATH

Ithaca, N. Y.

". . . despicable slander!"

I HOPE for your sakes that not too many Orchid Society members read your magazine. What a despicable slander! ("Eisenhower and Nixon . . . are both orchids"—Margaret Halsey, *NR*, Nov. 10). There are some 20,000 species of orchids; all have roots, none is a parasite in any sense of the term. On the contrary, they manage to win the struggle for existence under the most difficult conditions. . . .

EDWIN T. ALSAKER

Atlanta, Ga.

► *The Electoral College*

SIRS:

TO READERS interested in The Work Ahead for Congress, may I offer a suggestion? One of the most valuable pieces of work needing to be done, and which does not require Presidential approval, is to get rid of the Electoral College. . . . The one-party system in the South exists today solely by virtue of the Electoral College. So long as this anachronism continues, there will be no point in contesting an election in the South. Regardless of how few voters turn out — or how many — a uniform number of electoral votes is always counted for the winner, none for the loser, barring a rare exception.

If the College were abolished, real contests would soon develop in the Southern states as candidates yielded to the temptation to rack up as many votes as possible in presidential elections, with the opposition attempting the same thing. Instead of trying to keep the Negro from voting, or in the case of the minority party, acquiescing in his disfranchisement, every politician would be in there fighting for his vote. The possibilities are interesting to contemplate.

STEPHEN V. FULKERSON

Youngstown University

► *Congressman Toll's Supporters*

SIRS:

MANY THANKS for the kind things you say about me in your October 6 article on "New Faces." Knowing your penchant for accuracy, I hasten to correct a misconception in your statement concerning the sponsorship of my candidacy for Congress.

I served four terms in the State Legislature where as a member of the Philadelphia delegation I followed principles of the party leader, Bill Green. By so doing, I established a fine record in support of the liberal, progressive policies which our city organization has endorsed and strongly supported under Congressman Green's city leadership. If I am a protegé, my mentor has been the late Councilman Charles M. Finley, whom I deeply admired for his ability to weld practical ward politics with day-to-day idealism.

In this year's Primary Election I had the endorsement of Congressman Green in an eleven man contest. I have been fortunate in enjoying independent and labor support in addition to the strong party support I received. I am indeed grateful for the expressions of friendship and the approval of my record by Senator Joseph S. Clark and Mayor Richardson Dilworth. I expect that my voting record in the House of Representatives will parallel that of Congressman Green who has a superb voting record on liberal, labor and humane legislation.

HERMAN TOLL

Philadelphia, Pa.

► *Walton Hamilton*

SIRS:

IN the recent death of Walton Hamilton at 77, America lost one of its rare creative minds, creative especially for *NR* readers because his mind was one that opened doorways between our confining specializations. Despite almost entire blindness during the last five years, Walton Hamilton, the economist, became full professor in the Yale Law

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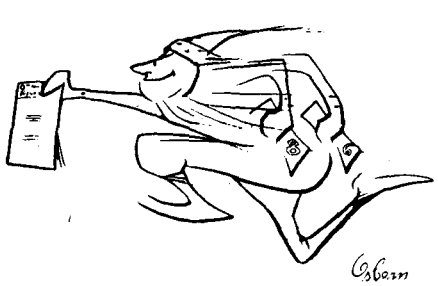
School without ever taking a law course for the LL.B. Both as a teacher and as a stimulator of research, he exercised a profound influence upon his students and upon trained minds within his own University and elsewhere. From an analysis of the organization, technology and pricing policies of major industries, he brought these economic realities face to face with the often disillusioning processes of anti-monopoly laws and their administration. One of his graduate students said to me: "He taught us living law."

With the writer and three other men, he was one of the organizers of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care in 1926-27. His special report, printed in 1932 in the Committee's summary volume, provides a now classic basis for understanding what medical technology, medical professionalism and economic realities are bringing the consumers of medical services. An incisive human understanding united with his powers of intellectual analysis in making his participation in private law practice in his later years a remarkable success. In legal disputes involving large economic interests and in legal efforts to protect innovations in medical practice against would-be restrictions imposed by excessive professionalism, Hamilton made contributions of immediate practical and lasting ethical value.

Those who knew him personally learned from his rapier mind, gained spiritually from his humility, and loved him for his friendship and his courage. Seven years ago I sat beside the hospital bed in which he was recovering from an eye operation through which the surgeon had hoped his sight might be saved. Hamilton already knew this result was unlikely. His talk that day was not of blindness, but about work which he had in mind to do; and with the aid of devoted readers and secretaries, he did do it until the end.

MICHAEL M. DAVIS

Chevy Chase, Md.



This Christmas give The New Republic

► *Catholics and Politics*

SIRS:

THE FEELING many Catholics undoubtedly have of being discriminated against, T.R.B. tells us, "has not been overcome by *Catholic control of politics* in many Eastern towns and cities." Did T.R.B. really mean to choose those words (and what they imply): "Catholic control of politics"? Does a citizen of the USA ever exercise "control of politics" as a Jew, Protestant or a Catholic?

T.R.B. also tells us that roughly a third of American church members are Catholics, yet they have but one-fifth of the seats in the House, one-ninth in the Senate, and one-ninth in the Supreme Court. Is this to be taken as a recommendation that representation in the legislature and judiciary be proportional with church affiliation?

WALKER M. STEWART

St. Louis, Mo.

. . . T.R.B. Replies

I WON'T DISPUTE semantics with reader Stewart: religious and racial partisanship are clear in many Eastern towns and cities. The figures on Catholic representation in Washington are not offered as a recommendation, but as a fact—perhaps important.

T.R.B.

► *Who's Your Candidate*

SIRS:

I WAS GRATIFIED to see your election issue reference to "three qualified Democratic Presidential possibilities from one state [Minnesota]: Governor Orville Freeman, Sen. Eugene McCarthy and Sen. Hubert Humphrey." Gratified not only because I agree that each of these men would make an admirable President, but because I am fed up with discussions that begin with Kennedy, skirt around Symington and end up with Meyner. The current *Time* is illustrative. Not only do they hand us the same old (and brief) list of Democratic possibilities: they misinform us as to *why* they are possibilities. Thus, Governor Meyner is credited with the election to the Senate of his protégé, Harrison Williams. That is absurd. Meyner worked hard, but Williams worked harder and has every right to attribute his victory to his own efforts. Hubert Humphrey did a lot of work for Eugene McCarthy, but was not McCarthy's success due in large part to his own attractive presence and ability, as well to the labors of Governor Freeman? "Pat" Brown won by a landslide, but who was he running against—the wooden-headed Mr. Knowland! Stanley Mosk, the victorious Democratic candidate for Attorney-General in California, marked up nearly as many votes as Mr.. Brown. Who gives him credit? Who pulls in whom? And what of John Kennedy? Victor by a terrific majority, let us concede. But against whom was *he* running? A non-entity and an idiot. And what of Abe Ribicoff of Connecticut? *He* is the greatest vote-getter of them all, the pundits tell us. Yet how much was the victory Ribicoff's, and how much was his margin attributable to the fact that the Connecticut Republican Party was split: the "Yankees" and their gubernatorial candidate, John Alsop, lost out at the Republican state convention, and the *Hartford Courant* writer Jack Zaiman correctly wrote that the Ribicoff margin would have been "considerably less" than Alsop.

And finally, what of *Time's* dismissal (it has been said elsewhere) of Governor Williams of Michigan because he "ran fifth on his state ticket." Williams did something no Democrat has ever done before—*he got elected to a sixth term* in a state that used to be Republican, and he did it though he was *the* target of the state press and the Michigan GOP.

I plead not only for a more discriminating picture of who did what, but also for a broadening of our canvas. Wendell Willkie would have made a fine President. There is no eleventh commandment that says that in days of great need, the nation must pick its President from among faces familiar two years before conventions. There are impressive unpublicized men in the Senate and in the House of Representatives and elsewhere. Might we not consider them too?

GRENVILLE ROBINSON

Washington, D. C.

The New Republic welcomes communications from its readers in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less lend themselves to publication more readily than longer letters.

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